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JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

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Charges very moderate. July 25, 78-11

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PRINTING

FROM
SMALL CARDS

TO
MAMMOTH POSTERS

EXECUTED
Neatly,
Cheap,
AND
Promptly,

AT THE
REPUBLICAN OFFICE

THE OLD BARN.

Nickety, old, and crazy.
Shingleless, lacking some doors;
Bad in the upper story,
Wanting some boards in the floors;
Booms strung thick with cobwebs,
Ridgepole yellow and gray,
Hanging in helpless innocence
Over the mow of hay.

How the winds turned around it—
Winds of a stormy day—
Scattering the fragrant hay-seed,
Whisking the straws away;
Streaming in at the crannies,
Spreading the clover smell,
Changing the dark old granary
Into a flowery dell.

Oh, how I loved the shadows
That cling to the silent roof;
Day dreams were with the quiet,
May a glancing roof;
I climbed to the highest rafters,
And watched the shadows at play,
Admiring the knots in the boarding,
And rolled in the pillows of hay.

Palace of king couldn't match it,
The Vatican loses its charm,
When placed in my memory's balance
Beside the old gray barn;
And I'd rather scent the clover,
Piled in the barn's rosy mow,
Than sit in the breath of the Highlands
Poured from Apennine brows!

Pleasant Hours at Summer Rest.

BY MAUDE SUTHERLAND.

School had closed for the summer vacation. I had graduated with high honors. About the middle of July I received a letter from my cousin, Bessie Landon, requesting me to spend a month with her. She said her father had presented her with an elegant pony phaeton, and another pony, so that we could drive all around the country alone. She also spoke of many other out-door enjoyments.

After a hasty perusal of this letter I hurried to mamma to know whether I could accept this kind invitation. She having no objection to offer, I seated myself to write a few lines to Bessie. I told her I would start on Thursday for Summer Rest. For several days I was very busy preparing for my journey. But at last, Thursday dawning bright and clear, with a light heart I bade adieu to my mother at the depot, promising to write as often as I could. My mother placed me in charge of a friend who was going to the same place that I was.

I enjoyed the ride on the cars very much. We arrived at our journey's end about 6 o'clock p. m. Bessie was at the station to meet me in her phaeton. She seemed delighted to see me. Just here let me describe Bessie Landon. She was about sixteen years of age. (I am two years her senior) medium height, had laughing blue eyes, light brown hair, that hung in ringlets about her shoulders and fair complexion. Bessie looked very pretty. I thought, in her white dress, leghorn hat and blue ribbons.

Bessie's parents were wealthy. Doctor Landon being one of the most skillful physicians of the village country. Bessie had a brother, named William, who was a year or two older than she.

My visit is drawing to a close. I am so glad and sorry. I want to see my mother very much. I never was away from home as long before. But I am sorry to part with Bessie and all my friends and relatives.

Mr. Roberts is going to be my escort home; he says he wishes to make the acquaintance of my mother. He told me last evening that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. He said he loved me the first moment he saw me. He said, "Speak darling, and keep me no longer in doubt." For answer I hid my blushing face on his shoulder.

Bessie has promised to spend a month with me this winter. Then she will often see Edward and her brother, as they both study in New York.

I bade a sad adieu to Bessie and my other relatives and friends. They were all around at the station to see me off. George is a pleasant escort. As we are speeding along in the cars he is telling me about his southern home, where he says in the Spring he expects to take a fair young bride, named Leila Moore. I tell him he must ask Mamma first, maybe she won't let me go so far from home. He says he will take her, too.

We are nearing the city. How nice it is to be home again! When we reached the depot, I found mother waiting for me. She welcomed me most warmly, and said she had felt very lonely without her Leila. Introduced Mamma to George. She seemed pleased with him. I could see. I had often spoken of him in my letters home, so that Mamma seemed almost as if she was acquainted with him a long time. That evening Mamma had a long talk with George. She said she could not part from me, as I was the only child. She at length persuaded George to say he would reside in New York, promising to let me go with him every winter to visit his mother and sister.

Ship Stations in Mid-Ocean.

The possibility of anchoring vessels at a maximum depth of three miles in mid-ocean, may be reasonably entertained in this progressive century, and a plan for such a project has thus been sketched: An International Company is to be organized, its project and property to be secured as neutral by treaties in the event of wars. The great maritime nations are then to be solicited for pecuniary and other aid, as old war vessels, cables, buoys, etc., will be required. Across the great Atlantic plateau these vessels are to be placed just the distance apart it will take a vessel twelve or twenty-four hours to run. One or two telegraphic cables, or perhaps telephones, will be laid near, stretching from America to Ireland, with connecting branches running to each of the eight or sixteen anchored vessels. These vessels are manned and rigged so they may be managed should they get adrift. They will then be ready for the performance of the following duties: Postal marine insurance and telegraphic stations. They will also be used as electric light ships, relief, life, property and survey stations, as also for meteorological observations. Every feature seems to be covered by the project. Proper supports for the deep anchoring, adjustable branch connections with the telegraph cable, and appliances to loosen the powerful strain and constant motion of the anchored or rather moored vessels—all of these details have been well considered. As a steamer nears a mid-ocean station, the mail bags are exchanged and cablegrams transmitted, together with the daily morning and perhaps evening papers just from the press on board the station and containing up to that hour news from all parts of the civilized world. Here likewise may the sick and soiled passengers lie over to return on the next steamer passing. Supplies are renewed and succor given if in distress. The stations will be supplied with every modern appliance for the saving of life and property and a force of able seamen. It is said that the salvage percentage upon distressed vessels saved from loss and shipwreck will alone pay a handsome dividend. The liberal aid of all nations is expected to an extent that will preclude the necessity of the company raising much capital from its members. Prominent enterprising men in every country will be solicited to join it and act as agents in obtaining the aid of their respective governments. The telegraphic notice of approaching storms at sea would be of great service to vessels, while an opportunity for a study of the winds and currents and a comparison of logs would be invaluable. The whole project is novel and useful, and if carried out will prove a humanitarian and profitable enterprise to the world.

Riding a Hunting Elephant.

It is "fun" for boys and girls to ride on the back of the elephant of some traveling menagerie. Two or three times around a small ring. If however they were obliged to make a long journey on an elephant, they would find the low locomotion and the unpleasant jolting intolerable.

An Englishman, recording his experience of riding twenty miles on an elephant's back, compares the motion to that of being pitched and rolled about in a small boat in a choppy sea. To make himself comfortable, he had strapped on the elephant's pad a small bedstead, with the legs turned up. Round these he passed ropes, so as to make a rail, with a soft mattress underneath his stretched out body, and bolsters on either side. He thought to sleep through the journey.

It was a delusion. He pitched forward and rolled over with every motion of the jolting brute. And it was only when, osting the mahout, or driver, and crossing the animal's neck with his legs, he drove her himself, that he rode with any comfort.

One day news was brought to an English camp in the interior of India that a tiger had killed and eaten a cow near the neighboring village. A party was immediately organized for a tiger-hunt.

Four elephants were ordered up, and a number of beaters sent forward to drive the tiger out of the ravine in which he had sought cover.

On a wild-looking female elephant rode the doctor of the camp. She was quiet enough, so long as the other females were kept out of her sight. But if one of them approached, up went her trunk, and, with a shrill trumpet, down she charged upon her rival.

Her calf accompanied its mother on the hunt, and was the cause of much vexation of spirit. If the attendant held him in by a cord, he squealed. If left to himself, he wandered off, and then his mamma would rush after him.

Losing all patience, the doctor ordered the attendant to tie the little one to the mother's neck. Just then, one of the signal-men, perched in a tree, telegraphed with his hand that the tiger was stealing along the ravine.

The mahout urged the elephant on. Advancing ten paces, she came to a halt. Pushing her calf under her chest she curled her trunk defiantly, and, in spite of the blows and abuse of the mahout, would not budge an inch.

The doctor, frantic at the idea of a tiger walking off, almost under his nose, and he not getting a shot, beat the mahout with the butt of his gun. The mahout beat the elephant, but not a foot would the obstinate beast move.

"Let go the calf!" shouted the doctor.

A Fight with a Trout.

The hundred feet of silk swished through the air, and the tail fly fell as lightly on the water as a three cent piece (which no slamming will give the weight of a ten) drops upon the contribution plate. Instantly there was a rush, a swirl, I struck; and "Got him by—!" Never mind what Luke said I got him by. "Out on a fly!" continued that irreverent guide, but I told him to back water and make for the centre of the lake.

The trout, as soon as he felt the prick of the hook, was off like a shot, and took off the whole of the line with a rapidity that made it smoke. "Give him the butt!" shouted Luke. It is the usual remark in such an emergency. I gave him the butt, and, recognizing the fact and my spirit, the trout at once sank to the bottom and sulked. It is the most dangerous mood for a trout, for you cannot tell what he will do next. We reeled up a little, and waited five minutes for him to reflect. A tightening of the line enraged him, and he soon developed his tactics.

Coming to the surface, he made straight for the boat faster than I could reel in, and evidently with hostile intentions. "Look out for him!" cried Luke, as he came flying in the air. I evaded him by dropping flat in the bottom of the boat, and when I picked up my traps he was spinning across the lake as if he had a new idea; but the line was still fast. He did not run far.

I gave him the butt again, a thing he seemed to hate, even as a gift; in a moment, the evil-minded fish, lashing the water in his rage, was coming back again, making straight for the boat as before. Luke, who was used to these encounters, having read of them in the writings of travelers he had accompanied, raised the paddle in self-defence.

The trout left the water about ten feet from the boat and came directly at me with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flashing like a meteor. I dodged as he whirled by with a vicious slap of his bifurcated tail, and nearly upset the boat. The line was of course slack, and the danger was that he would entangle it about me and carry away a leg. This was evidently his game, but I untangled it, and only lost a breast button or two by the swiftly moving string. The trout plunged into the water with a hissing sound and went away again with all the line on the reel.

More butt. More indignation on the part of the captive. The contest had now been going on for half an hour, and I was getting exhausted. We had been back and forth across the lake, and round and round the lake; what I feared was that the trout would start up the inlet and wreck us in the bushes. But he had a new fancy, and began the execution of a manoeuvre which I had never read of. Instead of coming straight toward me he took a large circle, swimming rapidly and gradually contracting his orbit. I reeled in, and kept my eye on him. Round and round he went narrowing his circle.

I began to suspect the game, which was to twist my head off. When he had reduced the radius of his circle to about twenty-five feet, he struck a tremendous pace through the water. It would be false modesty in a sportsman to say that I was not equal to the occasion. Instead of turning around with him as he expected, I stepped to the bow, braced myself, and let her swing. Round went the fish, and round we went like a top. I saw a line of St. Mary's all round the horizon. The rosy tint in the west made a broad bank of pink along the sky above the tree-tops. The evening star was a perfect circle of light, a hoop of gold in the heavens. We whirled and reeled, and reeled and whirled. I was willing to give the malicious beast butt and line and all, if he would only go the other way for a change.

When I came to myself, Luke was gaffing the trout at the boatside. After we got him and dressed him, he weighed three-quarters of a pound. Fish lose by being "got in and dressed." It is best to weigh them while in the water. The only really large one I ever caught got away with my leader when I first struck him. He weighed ten pounds.

Words of Wisdom.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Bonsters are cousins to liars.
Confession of faults makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at another and woundeth itself. Foolish fears double danger.
God reaches us good things by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to avenge wrongs than it does to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is a way to silence.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul words in their faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants the least.
Small thoughts indulged are little thieves.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are near kin.
You never lose by doing a good turn.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Unreasonable haste is the sure road to error.
With God go only the sea; without Him not over the threshold.
Characters never change. Opinions alter; characters are only developed.
The more women look in their mirrors, the less they look to their houses.
Never scoff at religion, it is not only proof of a wicked heart, but of low breeding.
I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.
It is not difficult to do good, for the means are constantly clustering about every man's lips and hands.
If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who barks at you as you go along.
The true end of freedom is to develop manhood and womanhood, not to make authors, mechanics or statesmen.
Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, and blooms not again, though it be watered with tears.
The lessons of disappointment, humiliation and blunder, impress one more than those of a thousand masters.
If God ever failed one who trusted in him, you might doubt; but he never has, therefore you should be confident.
It is a good rule never to forget the kindly deeds which others do to you, and never to remember those you do for them.
The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves, should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.
We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.
A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.
Charity toward the weakness of human nature is a virtue which we demand in others, but which we find very hard to practice ourselves.
Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained.
Alas! if the principles are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.
Brevity is the soul and body of wit—it is wit itself, for it alone isolates sufficiently for contrasts; because redundancy or profusion produces no distinctness.
Though the word and the spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbosoms the door of the heart, that both the word and the Spirit have easier entrance.
Christ says, "If ye love me keep my commandments. It would be well for us to pay more attention to our conduct and prove the depth of our feelings by our obedience.
Facts are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time and are much less likely to deceive us.
If a man becomes your friend all at once, not for any good reason, but apparently from caprice, the chances are that when his present mood is over he will at once leave you.
Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublime shrines; and up through roofs of stone, that shut out the heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and from prayer.
True worth is inevitably discovered by its facial expression, as its opposite is sure to be clearly represented there. The human face is nature's tablet, and the truth is certainly written thereon.
What a pity all our consciences are not as tender as that of the youthful culprit who was overtaken by a hail storm, and who hurried home in haste and told his mother that God was awful angry and had been "frowning stones at him."
Politeness is the spontaneous movement of a good heart and an observing mind. Benevolence will teach us temperance toward the feelings of others, and habits of observation will enable us to judge promptly and easily what those feelings are.
In taking the veil in Italy a nun casts behind her a bouquet of flowers she has borne upon her bosom. Thus the believer in devoting himself to Christ, casts behind him worldly pleasures; though beautiful as flowers, as evanescent as they.
Every one who repudiates honest debts to churches, which he is able to pay does just so much harm to the community at large, to say nothing of his own personal loss of character and reputation. The spiritual results of such conduct need no comment.
In a celebrated case now before the courts one of the witnesses declared that the Lord enlarged his vision so as to enable him to look through the key-hole and around a corner and see the prisoner mixing poison. That kind of religious faith is a little "crooked."
Thoughtless pleasure is the greatest indecency; a fondness for the world, the greatest folly; and self-indulgence, the greatest madness. And as contrary to these, a constant seriousness of temper, a universal care and exactness of life, an indifference to the world, self-denial, sobriety and watchfulness, are our greatest wisdom.
Dr. Talmage can find more in the Bible than all the professors of Princeton, and tells what he finds in language which they would find it impossible to use. He told his people that Moses was afflicted with a lifelong nervous disease, caused by "that clasp which he gave the Egyptians," and that "Jeremiah had an enlargement of the spleen."
Sugar was first mentioned in 625 by Paul Eginetta, a physician. It came originally from China and the East; was produced in Sicily in 1148; in Madeira in 1419; in the Canary islands in 1503, and in the West Indies by the Portuguese and Spaniards in 1510. In 1544 it was cultivated at Barbadoes. Sugar refining was first carried out by Venetians in 1503, while the process was adopted in England in 1569. Sugar was first taxed by the English government in 1695.

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

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HUMILITY.

I will tell thee—I will tell thee
Where my bosom friend shall be;
Not where hollyhocks are flaunting,
But where violets scent the lea.
Not where gaudy parrots chatter,
But where larks and finches sing;
Not with dabbles of the autumn,
But the lilies of the spring.
Ever birds of plainest plumage,
Scatter sweetest music round—
Ever flowers of richest odor
Grow the nearest to the ground.

I will tell thee—I will tell thee
Where my bosom friend shall be;
Not where haughty riches gather,
Needy knaves to bend the knee;
Not where Pride looks down on Merit,
Or where Beauty dwells with scorn,
But where Wealth is linked with Goodness,
And the best are noblest born.
For the humblest are the wisest,
And the meek are glory-crowned,
And the sweetest scented flowers
Grow the nearest to the ground.

Dora's Revenge.

Henry Corydon had gone, and Dora Vail had started as the clock struck ten. In half an hour her lover would be on the cars, going further away from his betrothed. He was about to start for Europe, to be gone a year. How long it seemed to Dora! The parting had been sad, and she was now alone. The clock struck eleven, and still she sat where her lover had left her. At last, with a deep sigh, she arose and retired to the solitude of her own apartment.

Dora Vail was the most beautiful girl in S—, and the beloved daughter of a retired merchant. Her mother had been in her grave nearly twenty years, and Dora had but few associates. Mr. Vail was a hard, stern man; but he loved his child dearly, and it was his greatest pleasure to gratify all her desires. Dora was indeed beautiful. Her hair hung in golden curls far below her waist, dark, lustrous eyes shone like diamonds under her drooping lids. Her teeth were like pearls, and her complexion, pearly pink and white.

Five months passed. Dora had heard from her lover by every steamer. His letters were long and interesting, giving graphic descriptions of all he saw during his wanderings. At first they were full of assuring passages of his undying love for her, but such expressions gradually ceased, until his letters became merely friendly missives. Occasionally he mentioned a certain blue-eyed girl, named Sara Eyre, coolly remarking that he had "taken quite a fancy to her."

But how did Dora receive this intelligence? Alas, her love for him had gradually diminished, until she knew she loved him no longer. But his cool letter stung her to the quick. One day, with a half vexed air she laid aside her much admired solitary ring which had adorned her finger, and said:

"I will play a little game with you, my devoted Henry. One day this shall belong to your wife. It has my name in it, but it shall adorn your bride's finger, even though it be Sara Eyre." She laughed softly to herself, but while she was thus musing there came a knock at her door. She started, but a pleasant voice she said:

"Come in." A servant entered bearing a silver salver on which lay a card. Taking it up with a languid air she read the name of "Warren Wells." A deep blush suffused her cheeks, and with a hasty glance in the mirror she descended to the parlor.

As she entered the room a dark-complexioned gentleman hastened to greet her. After a few moments conversation he noticed the absence of the solitary, and lightly touching her finger, he said: "I will ask no questions, but I am all curiosity to know the meaning of this."

With an arch smile she replied: "My ring and I parted company this morning. 'I did not fulfil its promise.' The young man was pleased at her cool reply, and said:

"Your affections could not have been very deeply engaged." She did not answer at once and he repeated the remark. She raised her eyes, and said, somewhat indignantly: "Mr. Wells, you are very presuming!" "I beg your pardon, Miss Vail; I acknowledge that I am."

The conversation was turned, and continued for some time. At last he arose to go, but promised to call another time. On the following morning she received a letter from Henry, requesting her to release him from his engagement. With her present feelings it was no hard matter, and she wrote him a cold, sarcastic letter, stating that he was free and had been for a long while.

"In fact," she wrote, "I have been thinking of getting married myself. Return home at the appointed time with your blue-eyed Sara, and come here and have the ceremony performed in my house. Let the young lady remain with me until you are ready to make her your wife."

To say that Henry was surprised at the note would hardly express it. He was astonished, and his senses almost paralyzed. Nevertheless, he determined to accept the invitation, and he and his betrothed sailed for the New World in due time.

Sara received a warm and unembarrassing greeting from Dora, but to Henry she was cold and indifferent. The day of the wedding at last arrived, and all was in readiness. Sara stood alone in her dressing room. Her eyes shone brightly, and her cheeks burned with excitement.

ved, and all was in readiness. Sara stood alone in her dressing room. Her eyes shone brightly, and her cheeks burned with excitement.

A low knock at the door, and Dora entered. In one hand she had a jewel-box, and with the other she lifted Sara's small white hand, and on her third finger she placed a brilliant solitaire ring.

"There, darling, is my present to you; wear it through the ceremony for my sake."

"But I thought," said the blushing girl, "it was the custom for the—"

"Hush! thought never did any good," interrupted Dora, sweetly. "Conceal your left hand from Henry when he comes for you, and only allow him to see your right when he is ready to slip the wedding ring over this."

"What a curious custom!" exclaimed Sara; but she did as she was told and asked no further questions.

The ceremony commenced, but when Henry lifted her left hand, he dropped it in dismay. He turned pale, the hot blush rushed to his head, and in low tones he exclaimed:

"You wear a wedding ring."

"No, no," she stammered, it is a gift from Dora. She said it was the custom to wear."

"Hush," and he silently slipped the ring from her finger and slipped it in his vest pocket.

When the ceremony had concluded the bride and groom left the house on their tour.

Dora enjoyed her little revenge, and she now finds a devoted husband in Warren Wells.

Every once, and a while Sara reminds Henry of Dora's strategy, and he lovingly embraces his wife, he thinks of his surprise when he saw the solitaire on his darling's finger.

How Livingstone Died.

His party had passed along the northern shores of Lake Bangweulu, and had arrived on the banks of the Lupulu river, at about ten degrees south latitude, expecting to find the fountains (the sources of the Nile) of which the natives gave him some account in reply to his questions. It would appear that, when he expected to solve the truth or otherwise of the problem, he was seized with dysentery, and deemed it best to return to some friendly chief in the Manyema country to recruit himself. This was in the beginning of 1873, and the party got entangled among the marshes of Bangweulu in February, where they encountered great privations from the constant rain above and the flood below. Livingstone managed to obtain some relief in a canoe on the water, while his men waded along the inundated shore. In this manner several affluents of the great lake were crossed with much difficulty; then he became so weak that he had to be carried in a litter on shore. Nevertheless, he strove to keep up manfully, making entries in his diary to within a few days of his demise. The last entry was dated April the 27th, as follows: "Knocked up quite, and remain—recovered—sent to buy milk goats. We are on the banks of the Mollambo." After this his "hand lost its cunning," his voice became almost inarticulate, and his limbs so weak that he was unable to step in or out of his litter. Still he perseveringly pushed on to get to some drier land in that watery region. With slow and toilsome travel the doctor and his party, greatly reduced in number, equipment, and supplies, proceeded as far as a town belonging to a Manyema chief named Kalungjojo. He was friendly and came himself to meet them on the way, dressed in Arab costume and wearing a fez. On the 29th he and most of his people came early to visit the dying explorer, saying everything should be done for his friend; but he was so weak that he could not walk out of his hut into his litter, and part of the wall was taken down to bring it to him. Then he ferried across a tributary stream in the Ula country to a village belonging to another friendly chief named Chitambou. On the 30th of April that chief visited him, but he was too exhausted to converse. As night came on Susi was told that his dying master wanted to see him, and heasked for the medicine chest under his charge. "With great difficulty," says that faithful attendant to Horace Waller, editor of the journals, "Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side. Then directing him to put a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low, feeble voice, 'all right; you can go out now.' These were the last words he was ever heard to speak."

About 4 o'clock next morning, the 1st of May, Calomel, Susi, and four other of his attendants entered the hut. A candle, stuck by its own wax on the top of a box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, and his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute there was no sign of breathing. Then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and patted his cheeks. It was sufficient. Life had been extinct for some time, and the body was almost cold; Livingstone was dead.

It is very merry between now and fall, and a girl who has a million yards of pink mosquito bar in her own right, especially if you contemplate residing in New Jersey.

Living in Paris.

The houses in the Avenue des Vincennes, St. Maude, and St. Maur are cheerful places, with gardens before and behind. The tenants are chiefly retired officers, government officials, and small annuitants; and if these abodes are not sumptuous they are pleasant and clean; one may find here, for five dollars a week a set of furnished apartments comprising four or five rooms, spacious and comfortable, and affording the additional advantage of gardens as above said. In some of these houses pension, that is board, can be had at the rate of about five francs or one dollar a day for three meals. Train cars pass along the avenues every five minutes, and take one to any point within the fortifications for thirty centimes; and there is also the circuit railway, which has stations at Vincennes, Bel-Air, and St. Etienne, and runs trains to the exhibition every quarter of an hour for most moderate fares—50 cents for first class; 50 cents, second class; and 30 cents, third class. Of course the Bois de Vincennes district is not stocked with casinos and music-halls as the Champs-Elysees are, nor do brilliant equipages dash about there nor are there many of the inhabitants who speak English. However, there will be a race meeting at Vincennes during the summer, the Plateau de St. Maur is enlivened with frequent reviews of troops belonging to the Vincennes garrison, and that the Marne, which is within easy reach, affords capital fishing and bathing.

The Luxembourg quarter would be found more alluring to families possessing younger members of a studious turn; for here are the schools of law and medicine, the Palace of Justice, and several museums and public libraries. To all these places admission can be obtained without any formality. The lectures of the university professors, though nominally delivered for the benefit of registered students only, are open to all comers; for no matriculation cards have to be exhibited at the door, and indeed the lecturers are rather pleased to see foreigners come and hear them. Furnished lodgings overlooking the Luxembourg gardens are not difficult to find, and in some of the old streets near the Pantheon or the School of Medicine, one may occasionally light upon surprisingly ancient and magnificent houses, once princely mansions, but now let out in flats. Here the lover of the aesthetic will find himself at home. Old Paris has been fast disappearing amid later day improvements, but there are some vestiges of it that one might suppose; and some of these are not likely to crumble away for many a generation to come. The patient searcher can find them for himself in a guide book; and an afternoon's walk among the crooked thoroughfares of that grand old quarter round the palace which Marie de Medici built, and where the Parisian municipal council now holds its sittings, will well reward the trouble it involves.

Looking for Her Husband.

A well-dressed prisoner, about twenty years of age, clad in a neat gray overcoat, fashionable trousers, a Byron collar and a black silk cravat, stood before the bar of the Fifty-seventh street police court.

"Well, young man, said Justice Wandell kindly, for, as he said afterwards, he was rather prepossessed by the looks of the boy, "what are you here for?"

The officer who had the prisoner in charge turned red fumbled awkwardly with the greasy Bible, which he had just kissed, and then said: "Yer honor, sir, ain't a boy, he's a woman; that is, sir, it's a woman with men's clothes on."

Justice Wandell looked over his gold bowed eye-glasses and saw a slight figure, with a smooth round face, closely cropped, brown hair and mild blue eyes. "Well," exclaimed he, "young woman what are you here for?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the prisoner in a pleasant voice. "I came to the city, sir, from Patterson, N. J., to look for my husband, who has deserted me and my two children. Don't you think it right for me to find my husband if I can?"

"What is your name?" "Nellie Raymond, sir." "Mrs. Raymond," said his honor, "I would advise you to discard that male attire directly."

"But I have no other, sir." "Well, well, well," said the court, "Of course, I mean as soon as you can. You are discharged, and I advise you to go right home."

"Thank you, sir," said the prisoner, turning and walking rapidly out of court, the picture of a bank clerk in a hurry.

A Powerful Foe.

Domesticated horses have no real knowledge of their own strength and power, fortunately for man. With wild horses it is different. In the steppes of Russia it is not rare to see a two-year old colt rush singly to attack a band of four or five wolves, kill one or two of them, lame the rest, and spread the terror of his name throughout the country. The wild horse strikes with his fore feet like the stag, and not with his hind legs, as it is popularly believed. He draws himself up to his full height against his enemy, and pounds him beneath his murderous hoofs; then seizes him between the shoulders with his formidable incisors, and tosses him to his mates, to make sport for themselves and their offspring.

Summer Excursions.

The thoughtful spectator must view with surprise the exodus of thousands of our citizens across the ocean to make a grand tour of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland and Italy, following closely on each others' heels over beaten paths, and seeing little in reality of the manners and customs of the people visited. These tourists are subjected for ten days to all the annoyances of crowded steamships, close state-rooms, the perils of the deep and the miseries of sea-sickness. On reaching the land, they are annoyed by passport and custom-houses; packed into railway cars so arranged that they are exposed to robbery and insult; charged for extra baggage and without any provision for its safe and prompt delivery; oppressed by exorbitant demands, against which, through their ignorance of the language, they have no redress and considered wherever they may go as victims to be plucked, rather than as guests to be welcomed and fairly treated. And for all this where is the compensation? They can say that they have seen the lakes of England, of Ireland and of Switzerland, the gayeties of Paris and the bustle of London, the snow-capped summits of the Alps and the Apennines; they have drunk the waters of the German Spas, have inspected the art galleries in the great cities filled with the works of the masters; they may even gaze upon the pyramids of Egypt and the waters of the Nile; and for all this they have expended a large amount of money and much worry of soul.

In view of these results and the time, money and worry required to attain them, the question naturally arises: "Why should we, during the warm months of summer, leave our own to sojourn for a season in foreign lands?" We have here at our very door all the variations of temperature and scenery, and all nationalities are to be found among our people. Considered simply as a question of economy—a small consideration during these hard times—"a far greater amount of pleasure is to be enjoyed on the Continent of America for a smaller amount of money. The traveler is annoyed, neither by passport nor custom-house regulations. Our railway system is as near perfection as invention and money can bring it. The Pennsylvania R. R., and many other leading lines are laid with steel rails, ballasted with stone, traversed by trains of cars hand-somely fitted up and supplied with every convenience. The convenient and luxurious Pullman Palace cars are furnished with all the appliances for repose and comfort, while the hotel cars supply the passengers with choice viands as they speed on to their destination. The introduction of the block system and Westinghouse brake, reduce the danger of accidents to a minimum. Everywhere telegraph lines keep up rapid communications, and the complete express system with the checking of baggage insures the safety of the baggage of tourists and relieves them from all responsibility. If communication by water is preferred our bays, rivers and lakes are covered with floating palaces, decorated with almost oriental magnificence, while bands of music enliven the tedious of the voyage.

But, with all these advantages, where shall we go? The difficulty arises not so much from the fewness but the multiplicity of the attraction. If our tastes lie in the direction of catenars and water falls, there are the Falls of Niagara, of Montmorency, of Trenton, and the wild rapids of the waters amid the canons of Colorado. Others may prefer the rapids of the St. Lawrence, with its thousand isles. Are we fond of lakes? Then let us seek those grand bodies of water—Erie, Ontario, Superior, Michigan, or the minor beauties of Lakes George, Champlain, and the chain of lakes that stud like emeralds the Northern boundary of New York. We have in different sections of the country springs impregnated with alum, iron and sulphur, magnetic, soda, hot and cold springs with the sparkling product from the fountains of Saratoga. Where can we find mountains to surpass in beauty and grandeur the granite hills of New Hampshire, the Alleghenies, the Blue Ridge, the White Mountains, the Sierra Nevada and the huge boulders of Colorado? Then we have the Hudson with its lakesides and Highlands; the Delaware with the romantic views on its upper streams; the placid Ohio and the Missouri, which roll their combined waters in a vast volume to the Gulf. In fact the names of the places of resort is legion and to tempt the visitors, routes have been laid out and combinations formed, which, while affording the greatest facilities, may be enjoyed at a very moderate cost. We again ask, therefore, the very pertinent inquiry, "Why should we leave our native land in search of that measure of health, comfort and enjoyment which may be had on this side of the Atlantic, on far more reasonable terms?"

A Bully Duelist.

M. Paul de Cassagnac, the most accomplished bully on the Parisian press, is at his old tricks again. Recently there was a scene of recrimination in the Chamber of Deputies, and Cassagnac measured swords with M. Thomson, a Republican Deputy, at St. Germain. The results were a little more serious than usual, M. Thomson's throat being pierced by Cassagnac's sword. The Republican Deputy, it is hoped, will survive, but his recovery is

not certain. Paul de Cassagnac, the editor of the Bonapartist journal *Le Pays*, is of creole origin and has the complexion of a mulatto. His figure is tall and massive, but stooping, and his aspect as martial as he can make it. Cassagnac uses his pen as if were a bludgeon, and when not engaged in writing articles of three columns' length—for his style is not concise—he may be generally found fencing in M. Puz's gymnastic rooms, and there is no denying that he fences well. Although but thirty-five years of age, he has already fought over fifteen duels, and will probably go on fighting duels until he gets badly stuck in the throat himself. So enthusiastically did he champion the cause of Bonapartism in the days of the Empire that on the 15th of August, 1868, when the Emperor made up his jewels, the only journalist who received the Legion of Honor was this young ruffian. The Empress sent her own Chamberlain, M. de Cosse-Brissac, to congratulate him. One of his most famous duels was with Henri Rochefort, who wields as scurrilous a pen as Cassagnac himself. This was before the war with Germany, Rochefort named pistols as the weapons, not wishing to run the risk of a thrust from such an accomplished swordsman as his adversary, but he calculated entirely without his host, and was badly wounded. Six years afterwards, in 1875, Rochefort challenged Cassagnac because the latter had called him "a mad dog." In 1875, and pistols were again named as the weapons, but the seconds contrived to get into such a wrangle over the distance that the encounter never came off. Another of his famous fights was with Gustave Flourens, the Radical editor whom he had assailed with great bitterness while the latter was under-going Government prosecution and confined in prison. Flourens fought with great energy for half an hour, but finally fell exhausted by his wounds. Equally exciting was Cassagnac's encounter with M. Lissagaray. On that occasion Cassagnac simply parried, refusing to expose himself until he had thoroughly wearied out his antagonist. The fiery Gascon losing his prudence and his strength together, at last cried out, "Why don't you strike?" to which Cassagnac smilingly replied, "That's my affair." As soon as he saw that Lissagaray was helpless from fatigue, he coolly ran him through. In July, 1873, Cassagnac had an encounter with M. Arthur Rane, the celebrated Lyonaise Radical, on Luxembourg territory, and was seriously wounded, his antagonist also sustaining some injury. But Cassagnac does not always follow his bluster with fight. About four years ago, he intimated that M. Clemenceau, a Republican Deputy, was a coward, whereupon Clemenceau sent him a challenge of a rather unique sort proposing a duel between ten Republican and ten Bonapartist Deputies. To this wholesale invitation Cassagnac contemptuously replied that he would fight nobody but Gambetta, and that the Bonapartist Deputies could not accept such a challenge. On one occasion he refused to fight a certain Lieutenant Lullier, whereupon the latter slapped him, and Cassagnac was content to call for the police. On another occasion a M. Vermorel refused to accept his challenge, and Cassagnac resented this gross affront by spitting in his face on the boulevard and describing the exploit at length in the columns of *Le Pays*. Such is a brief chronicle of some of the characteristic amenities of French journalism.

Early Rising.

For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up 'till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teaching of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours at night is false. They have been put upon such small allowances occasionally, and prospered; but no man ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. If you cannot get in bed until late, then rise late. It may be improper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. Let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before the public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a sudden rising. It is barbarous to expect children to instantly land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, with the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

In the Street.

A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and to do all evil. Oh, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Nothing is more dangerous, so far as your general health is concerned, than to overwork your tongue.

To love in order to be loved in return, is man; but to love for the pure sake of loving, is almost the characteristic of an angel.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips, and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising therefrom.

Every man's experience of to-day is that he was a fool yesterday and the day before yesterday. To-morrow he will most likely be of the same opinion.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible for us to overvalue ourselves, but by undervaluing our neighbors.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.

Duty, though set upon by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

If only those things can be denominated the goods of a man which are instruments for his benefit, how few are the goods even of the richest man among us.

The great business of a man is to improve his mind and govern his manners; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not are only amusements.

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares or riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconveniences of an honest poverty.

Less wisdom is required in realizing a fortune than is necessary to use it properly. A man of one idea may accumulate money, but it takes a broader mind to spend it judiciously.

Parents are commonly more careful to bestow wit on their children than virtue, the art of speaking well than doing well; but their manners ought to be their greatest concern.

Children are very nice observers, and they will often perceive your slightest defects. In general, those who govern children forgive nothing in them, but everything in themselves.

No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a mark of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be.

The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid, than in that which is said in any conversation. It broods over every society, and men unconsciously seek for it in each other.

"I have no time to devote to my children," says the business man, with a sigh; for he really feels the privation of their society. But the excuse is an insupportable one; he should make time—let other things go; for no duty is more important than that he owes his offspring.

We all have to go through a great deal in our lifetime, if we would do any good or be in any way worthy. In this as in many other things, fear of encountering is the surest way of meeting; and those who are bravest in bearing are for the most part the least troubled in the end by the bother of minor things.

Forbearance is the key note of married life. There can be no great discord, no large divergences from usefulness, so long as the husband forbears and the wife forbears. Now, the cannot be attained without some labor. Results are approached gradually in character, as they are in making a sandhill.

Man is like an engine—it will run well and long if it is well oiled. Contentment and cheerfulness are the oils which keep the nerves from wearing out. Busy men and women think that time taken from toil for sleep and recreation is time lost. It is really the cement put in to fill up the joints to keep out the weather, and preserve the building.

If there is one lesson which history and revelation unite in teaching, it is this—that goodness and wickedness ever have been, and as long as the world lasts, ever will be, mixed up in this state of our existence—that social progress and civilization will never make goodness universal, and that, as of old, or bring the flesh into final subjection to the spirit.

To adopt the rule once given to a talkative girl by a friend who knew the world, "Never speak of yourself, and never say anything which is unnecessary," would seem to be a good rule; but it would seem to be a good rule; but it would seem to be a good rule; but it would seem to be a good rule; but it would seem to be a good

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God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light,
My heart to with you as I kneel to pray,
Good night! God keep you in his care always.
Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window
bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.
For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong;
The night is long—
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep you
everywhere!

An Aristocratic Bravo.

It was late in the evening on the 4th of September, 1799, that the Emperor Paul of Russia was excitedly pacing his plainly-furnished bed-room.

Every now and then he stood still, and glanced at a letter which he held in his hand.

"She cannot come, she writes," he exclaimed. "Holy Ivan, she must come. I am too deeply enamored of her. The pretext for her refusal is her husband's jealousy."

He burst into a scornful laugh. "Jealousy!" he cried, stamping his foot angrily. "What do I care for the jealousy of such an old curmudgeon as the Count Ershinsky, who is married to the most charming young wife in the world! She cannot possibly love him. He is too old and ugly for that. Mine she must and shall become, and I am sure from what she has given me to understand that she would not be very averse to become my mistress, if she could safely do so. But how shall I arrange this? I cannot send Count Ershinsky, who served my mother and me so faithfully, to Siberia, nor can I carry off his wife by main force."

The Emperor's brutal face assumed an expression of the most violent rage. He stamped his foot angrily, and gave vent to the most shocking blasphemy. Then he threw himself upon his couch, and, as was his habit, speedily fell asleep.

Next morning he awoke in a very bad humor. When his valet entered the bed-room in order to dress him, the Czar cursed him fearfully, flung a glass of water at the terrified servant, and then ordered him to send for the Minister of Police.

That functionary, who had to make every morning an oral report to the Emperor Paul, was already in waiting in one of the ante-rooms of the Winter Palace, when he was summoned to the bed-chamber of his imperial master.

"Well," shouted the Czar to him, in his coarse way, "what do you report to-day, Baron Coubers?"

"Very little, your Majesty," was the Minister's humble reply; "only one rather remarkable man arrived yesterday at St. Petersburg."

"Who is he?"

"Baron Loir D'Estant, a French refugee."

"What is there remarkable about him?" asked the Emperor.

The Minister replied in an undertone: "Your Majesty, I cannot say whether what I have heard about this Frenchman is true or not, but Dnury."

"That miserable French spy of yours?"

"Yes, sire. Dnury tells me that Baron Loir D'Estant is a great scoundrel."

"I shall!" interrupted the Czar. "Most of the French refugees here in St. Petersburg are."

"Very true, your Majesty; but Dnury told me that M. D'Estant is a very peculiar sort of a scoundrel. He is an aristocratic bravo, a professional duelist, who, for a certain sum of money, will challenge the person who has become obnoxious to the man that has hired him. He is a matchless swordsman, and invariably kills his adversaries."

"The Czar had become very thoughtful. 'Tell me more about this dangerous fellow,'" he said, after a pause.

The Minister of Police took a sheet of paper from his portfolio, and read as follows:

"Victor Edmund Baron Loir D'Estant is about forty-five years old. He was in his youth a cadet in the French army, but was cashiered for theft. Being an excellent swordsman, the Duke de Montmorency hired him to challenge and kill the Marquis de Vendeuvre. Loir D'Estant did so, and received ten thousand francs for this premeditated murder. The Prince de Rohan employed him for a similar purpose; but D'Estant had to flee from France. He went to Turin, where the Duke of Aosta hired him to challenge and kill Count Nicini, whose wife the Duke had seduced. Next D'Estant turned up in Vienna, where he earned a great deal of money in the same abominable manner."

"Send D'Estant to me at once!" interrupted the Czar. "I will receive him in private audience as soon as possible. I must see this monster of a duelist. Maybe I'll send him to Siberia after the audience. Begone!"

The Minister bowed submissively and withdrew. Paul laughed diabolically as soon as he was alone.

"That fellow, D'Estant, is just the

man I want," he said to himself. "When he has done my bidding I shall see to it that he speedily disappears."

An hour later the Minister of Police returned to the Winter Palace, accompanied by Baron Loir D'Estant.

The latter was a fine-looking, polished Frenchman. His face had rather a good-natured expression. Only every now and then a sinister glance from his black eyes indicated his true character, which was that of an infernal villain. In fact his misdeeds were much more numerous and horrible than what was said about him in the report of the Minister of Police.

He was ushered into the private cabinet of the Emperor Paul, who had meanwhile risen from his bed and put on the uniform of a Russian Field Marshal.

D'Estant bowed with the ease of a polished courtier. The Czar motioned to the Minister of Police to leave the room. Then he said sternly to the Frenchman:

"I know your antecedents, Baron D'Estant. I have a notion to send you to Siberia for the impudence you displayed in coming to St. Petersburg."

The Frenchman turned deadly pale. "Your Majesty cannot be in earnest," he stammered.

"I am in dead earnest, monster," said Paul, with a terrible scowl. "I have a notion to ring this bell and send you forthwith to Irkutsk."

"Mercy, mercy, Your Majesty!" cried the Frenchman, falling on his knees. Paul kept silence for several minutes. Then he said in a loud tone of voice:

"They say, Baron, that you are an excellent swordsman."

"I am, Your Majesty."

"Are you sure you can kill any adversary that may be pitted against you?"

"Yes, sire."

"Well, then, Baron," said the Emperor Paul. "I have in my regiment of Life Guards, an officer, Count Ershinsky, who has done something for which he deserves death, but I prefer not to have him executed. Challenge him, kill him, and you shall not be sent to Siberia. You can see Count Ershinsky on parade to-day, in front of the Winter Palace. You know now what I want, Baron D'Estant?"

The latter bowed and said: "In twenty-four hours, Count Ershinsky shall be a dead man," he murmured.

"Now leave me, Baron," said the Czar; "but remember that my police will dog your steps until you have fulfilled your promise."

The Frenchman saw Count Ershinsky on parade and insulted him.

They exchanged cards and a duel between them was arranged for the following morning.

As usual, swords were chosen for the occasion.

Count Ershinsky did not know the terrible skill of his unscrupulous antagonist.

A minute after the duel commenced he fell, pierced through the left lung. He was conveyed to his residence, where he expired a few hours after, amid the lamentations of his young wife and his son Stephen, whom a former wife had borne to him, and who was then a lad of sixteen.

And now occurred something really strange in this sombre affair.

Baron D'Estant happened to see the young widow of his victim, and at once became deeply enamored with her. He managed to gain access to her. He did not repulse him, for she wanted to elicit from him the true reason why he had picked a quarrel with her husband and had killed him.

Intoxicated with the smiles of the charming creature, the Frenchman told all about the Emperor Paul having hired him to assassinate her husband.

Then she drove him with fearful imprecations from her presence, and wrote the Czar a scathing letter, in which she upbraided him for his infamous conduct.

Paul, divining that the French bravo had betrayed him, caused the latter to be sent to Siberia, where he was placed as a private in a frontier regiment.

The Countess Ershinsky withdrew to her estates in Southern Russia, where she thenceforth led a most secluded life.

Stephen Ershinsky, after Paul had been assassinated, entered the army, and greatly distinguished himself.

In 1812 he was a colonel, and such was also the rank of Baron Loir D'Estant, whom Paul's successor, Alexander the First, who did not know the true character of the man, had rapidly promoted.

Brigham Young's Estate.

The failure of the heirs of the late Brigham Young to agree in the distribution of his property will in all probability, cause a lawsuit that will attract the attention of the whole country and create as much scandal as the present squabble over Vanderbilt's estate.

The contestants will be 25 wives or their heirs, consisting of 45 children. The Prophet is generally believed to have had only 19 wives, but this is undoubtedly a mistake, and if the law is invoked it will probably be shown that Brigham had no less than 25 wives and would have had 30 if he could have persuaded certain good-looking ladies to join his family.

Among the most notable of Brigham's numerous progeny may be mentioned John, Brigham, Jr., Joseph, Alice and Luna, children of his first wife. Alice wanted to marry a Mr. Tobin, but Brigham gave her his confidential clerk, Hiram B. Clawson, who already had a wife, Luna was wild, and the Prophet soon married her off to a Mormon gentleman. Lucy Seely's son Heber has already been mentioned as one of the worst boys in Salt Lake. Mrs. Waite says: "One morning after breakfast Heber, then only ten or twelve years old went into the kitchen and undertook to help himself to anything he could find. Mr. Smith, the cook, would not permit it, when Heber seized a fork, and with oaths, tried to stab him." This boy and a son of Harriet Cook, laid a plan to kill Smith, but failed. Mrs. Hampton, before her marriage with the Prophet, had a daughter, Vilate, whom Heber Young and Fernand Little wanted to marry, but what ultimately became of her, I do not know. Formerly Brigham kept his wives in the Lion House, a sort of hotel where each had her separate apartments. The building cost about \$30,000 and was as good as could be built in the States for \$30,000. The basement contained cellars, wash rooms, kitchens, dish rooms, a dining room, pantry, coachman's room, school room and two large halls. The second story had fourteen apartments. The third story, or really the second story (the basement being under the ground) had twenty-one apartments. The rooms were large, convenient and well furnished. Brigham was a strict disciplinarian, but could not always keep down rows in the family. The Prophet rose early, dressed and shaved every morning, and then assembled his wives and children for prayer. After singing and prayer they went to breakfast, which was served in a large hall. Brigham sat at the head of the table and Lucy Decker, at the foot and poured out the coffee. The children had side-tables and their mothers could eat with them if they wished. It was to all appearance a happy family and as well behaved, polite and mannerly as any in the land. Whatever heartburnings there were or jealousies the women kept them to themselves, and not even the boldest dare show her temper at the table before the Prophet, whom they all looked up to as a god. Of late years, Brigham did not eat with his wives, his breakfast being simply a bowl of bread and milk. On rising each lady put her room in order, making up the bed and sweeping. After breakfast the women walked out, sang, played the piano or sewed. Several of them embroidered beautifully, made colored cloth, and were very proud of their handiwork. The Prophet kept several carriages, and the ladies could go shopping or driving whenever they pleased. In the evening all went to the theatre, where Brigham's wives and children had reserved seats. It is said the Prophet was very liberal and gave his wives plenty of pin money. They had a dancing master, a French teacher and an instructor in music. During his later years Young endeavored to give each of his favorite wives a cottage and \$1,000 a year in pin money. It is said he offered a house and \$1,000 per annum to any good-looking young lady who would marry him.

Shepherd Dogs.

Darwin tells us, in his Researches into Natural History, that in Banda Oriental, South America, it is a common thing to see flocks of sheep guarded by one or two dogs, at a distance of some miles from any house or man. The method of canine education there practiced, consists in separating the puppy, while very young, from its mother and in accustoming it to its future companions. A ewe is held three or four times a day for the little thing to suck, and a nest of wool is made for it in the sheep pen. At no time is it allowed to associate with other dogs or with the children of the family. From this education it has no wish to leave the flock, and just as another dog will defend its master, man, so will this the sheep. On the approach of a stranger, the dog immediately advances barking, and the sheep cluster in his rear as if around the oldest man. These dogs can be readily taught to bring home the flock at a certain hour in the evening. Their most troublesome fault when young is their desire to play with the sheep, and in doing so they sometimes gallop their hares unmercifully. They come to the house daily for some meat, and as soon as they get it, skulk away as if ashamed of themselves. Away from the flock they seem timid with regard to other dogs, but when with their charge neither domesticated nor wild dogs dare venture to attack them.

The Archibald Cat.

"Pap, Rommy is gone."

Old Henry was just coming in from work, wanted his hands washed and his supper, didn't know "Rommy," or "Rommy's" history, and not feeling interested, blurted out—

"Who the blazes is Rommy, and where's he gone to?"

"You onfeelin' old wretch, you know just well enough who Rommy is; and I expect somebody's got him locked up."

"In the station-house, eh? Glad of it. Where's that towel?" grumbled Henry, with his eyes full of soap and water.

"You'll repent of your miserable conduct, Henry Archibald, in hair-cloth and coal ashes for this!" screamed Mrs. A. "Oh, he was so pretty, and I brought him up all the way by hand, and he used to butt me on the nose so affectionately. Oh, m-e R-o-m-m-y! m-e R-o-m-m-y! where on this earth have the awfully rascally wretches taken you to," and the old lady sat down vaguely upon the coal scuttle, with her apron over her eyes; but Martha having laid her flat iron on in on top of the coal she got up quicker than a professional grasshopper.

The old man had just sat down to supper but he turned around to Martha, his beloved daughter, saying:

"Look here, Martha, what's the matter with the old woman, anyway. Seems to me there's an awful lot of racket going on here for a man to eat his supper and feel thankful in."

"Why, papa, Rommy's gone."

"Well all right let him go. I ain't tryin' to stop him. Pass me them fried taters."

"Henry Archibald," remarked the old lady as she leaned gingerly against the stair door. "If I'd ever known you was such an onfeelin' wretch when you made love to me in the lane twenty-three years ago last Thursday I'd just busted your head with a fence rail, if I'd had to pay for the rail."

"Haint you got no more bread in this house," grunted Henry.

"Martha! get that old glutton all the bread he wants and let him stuff himself to death, if he wants to."

"Better eat your supper old woman and not stand up there a-lookin' as though somebody had patted you against the stair door for the advertisement of the fat woman at a side show."

"Eat, heartless villain. How can you ask me to eat. Oh! my Rommy's gone and you don't appear to care a cent."

"Can't say I do. Martha pass that ham."

"I'll go crazy, I know I shall."

"Won't have far to go," observed Henry, not noticing the coming storm.

There was a pause of silence as big as the Mammoth Cave for about a second, and then Mrs. Archibald said, with evidently constrained feeling—

"Henry Archibald, do you mean that?"

"Of course; I'm mean enough for anything."

"Henry, do you know who Rommy is?"

"No, hanged if I do," and Henry, preparing to leave the table, turned around on his chair and faced the old woman. The baleful glare he saw in her eye as she yelled—

"He's my c-a-a-a-t, an' somebody's stole him!"

Convinced Henry that the kitchen stove or something else was getting too warm. He reached for his hat, and missed it by about three inches; but he struck the street door and disappeared through it like a patent Bliss ghost, and the rattle of the flying coal and scuttle convinced him that he had not been a second too active. As he passed Oxtoby leaning over his yard gate he grabbed off his hat with the remark:

"I'll bring it back in a minute; I'm just going somewhere for a peck of fish bait. And I've got such a headache I can't stop."

Celtic Feasts.

Diodorus and Athenaeus give curious pictures of the Celtic manner of conducting feasts. The former says, "At their meals they sit upon the ground, on which wolves' or dogs' skins are spread; near at hand are their fireplaces, with many pots and spits full of joints of meat; and they are served by young girls or boys." Their feasts continuing until midnight. No one touched anything until the master of the house or chief person had first tasted of all the dishes.

Among the Germans every man sat by himself, on a particular seat, and at a separate table. Strabo says most of the Gauls took their meals sitting on rush beds or cushions. When a company could agree they sat down to supper in a circle. In the middle of the circle he who was reckoned most worthy, either from his rank or valor; and next to him was placed the person who gave the entertainment. The others were arranged each according to his rank. Behind the guests stood some who bore shields; a number of spearmen sat in a circle opposite to the others; and both took meat with their hands. It was the custom to put the bread, broken into many pieces, on the table, with flesh out of the caldron, of all which the king or chief first tasted. Some would take up whole joints with both hands, and tear them in pieces with their teeth; but if the flesh were too tough, they would cut it with a knife, which was kept in a sheath, in a certain place near at hand. Boys served round the wine, both right and left, in earthen or silver pots. The company drank very leisurely, frequently tasting, but not

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Every-day cheerfulness is a fortune in itself. Sunshine does not have a more marked effect on all around.

If you begin by apologizing for what cannot be defended, you will end by defending what cannot be apologized for.

Satan's promises are like the meat that fowls eat before birds, which is not meant to feed them, but to take them.

It is doubtful if a man could, by any possibility, do his noblest or think his deepest, without a preparation of suffering.

I esteem greatly the ignorance of a man who believes and confesses his knowledge to be confined to what he knows.

It is far from being one of the best features of human nature, that, while we love those whom we have benefited, we often hate those who have benefited us.

The unknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the unknown; thought, meditation and prayer are the great mysterious pointings of the needle.

Few men know the force of habit. A cobweb—a thread—a twice—a rope—a cable. Venture not upon the first; the last is nearly past human effort to sunder.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon and night.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

Man is only weak by the disproportion there is between what he can and what he is willing to do; the only way he has to increase his strength is to retrench many of his desires.

A Chinese proverb says, "Great souls have strong will; others only feeble wishes." The proverb might have added that good health makes one strong, while feeble bodies weaken it.

The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, and the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will, and seeking to please himself.

Religion, like all other wholesome growths, loves the sunlight and the air. If we keep it in our cellars it will wither and die, or else send up a sickly and colorless shoot, that will bear no healthy fruit.

The law implanted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves. The eternal, universal, unchangeable law of all beings is to seek the good of one another, like children of the same Father.

As fully on the one side, though it should enjoy all it can desire, would, notwithstanding, never be content; so, on the other, wisdom never acquiesces with the present, and is ever dissatisfied with its immediate conditions.

The friend who pardons a wrong, acquires a superiority that wounds the self-love of the pardoned man, and however much the latter may admire the generosity of the giver, he can love as he had previously done—no more.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, and let yourself too much at a time, and let what you do show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the world.

Kind words and smiles, and genial greetings and good wishes, are seeds that thrive and bear fruit, each after its own kind. Cheerfulness is like the widow's measure of meal—the more she sows the more she gains, and both the receiver and giver are enriched.

It is astonishing how much one without money may give. A kind word, a helping hand—the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who weep. No man is so poor as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those about them.

We have nothing of our own but our will; all the rest is not ours. Sickness deprives us of health and life; riches are taken away from us by violence; the talents of the mind are not in the disposition of the body; the only thing that is truly our own is our will.

The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep and soars high, is the stuff of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and kept pure. It is a seed which bears fruit in martyrs, and makes men nobler than their nature—the demi-gods and the prophets of a better time.

We have but the trials that are incident to humanity; there is nothing peculiar in our case, and we must take up our burdens in faith of heart, that if we are earnest and true, and make the right use of God's will, we shall find that the fidelity of his providence, he has supported others as heavily laden as ourselves.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghost of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Individuals are not overlooked or forgotten in the multitude; individuality is rewarded. Jeremiah was not lost in the midst of a corrupt age. Daniel and his friends were remembered in their captivity and raised to great honor. In a world of transgressors one faithful friend of God will not be forgotten, though he be the humblest of all.

Give us the country for true happiness, true men and true women. No affectation, no false pride, no hypocrisy, pure air, pure vegetables, pure water, pure milk and, in short, everything that is calculated to make one happy and contented can be found there. Contrast it with the city, and what a difference. Here we see haughty pride; men and women affecting to be much more than they really are; everything different, nothing real, no state, no purity, no milk water, and chalked. We are constantly imposed upon, and each one is suspicious of his neighbor.

An Injured Female's Trick.

This is not a bad story of a robbery. At any rate it demonstrates the ingenuity of the female brain. The scene is laid in Austria. A woman in tears—the sex, as you are probably aware can always at will turn on the water-works; they find them so useful—arrived at the house of a priest, and poured into his kindly sympathetic ears a harrowing story of ill usage. Her husband was a drunkard, was in the habit of cruelly beating her, was—in short, the usual tale, and her prayer was that his reverence would send for her worse-half and soundly lecture him on his behavior. Moved by the evident sincerity of her grief—it showed his ignorance of woman's wiles—the good father readily consented; and the good wife earnestly thanked him, wiped her eyes and went on her way rejoicing.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17TH, 1878.

FOR CONGRESS—7TH DISTRICT.
W. H. FORNEY.

GEN. WM. H. FORNEY.

The Democratic Convention of this Congressional District, which met at Gadsden the 9th inst., nominated GEN. FORNEY without opposition, and it is almost certain that his election in November will follow without opposition. Every man, woman and child in the District "being heartily for him."

It is rare that any one in public station acquires to deep a hold on a constituency as has Gen. Forney during his term of service in Congress. The secret of his wonderful popularity lies partly, at least, in his matchless military record, the unbounded confidence the people repose in his courage, honesty and good sense, his tireless personal magnetism, the equanimity with which he bears success, his entire freedom from delugatory yet easy approachableness. Couple these fine personal traits of character with the influence and power for good that he is known to possess at Washington, and it is no wonder that honors unsought are tendered him that less gifted men must struggle fiercely for.

We publish this week an article from the Haymarket Examiner, Auditor Brewer's paper, on the political complexion of the next Legislature, that may be of interest to our readers. It will be observed that Col. Sheld, the Representative elect from this county, is classed with the opposition—that is the Radicals, Independents, and Green-backed. We observe that he has been so classed also by the Gadsden Times and perhaps other papers. We call attention to the fact to correct a misapprehension. There was no nomination made for Representative in this county, and consequently there could have been no Independent candidate. The mistake arose, probably from the fact that Col. Sheld ran as an Independent in the race previous to the last. Since that time he has participated in a county convention to appoint delegates to Montgomery. Under the late ruling of the Chairman of the State Executive Committee to Independent candidates will be admitted to the caucuses of the party in the Legislature and will thus be practically debared a vote for U. S. Senator and Solicitors. As we are anxious that Calhoun shall have a voice in the election of Senator and Solicitors, we are unwilling to let Col. Brewer's classification pass without protest.

S. S. Celebration at Howell's Chapel.

We have never seen a greater success in its line than was the Sunday school celebration at Howell's Chapel, Calhoun county, the 9th inst. Fully fifteen hundred people were present, embracing citizens of Georgia, Cleburne and Calhoun counties, and by this vast throng of old and young the best of order and the most decorous deportment was observed throughout the day.

The fullest preparation had been made by Rev. W. P. Howell and his excellent lady and others of the hospitable people of the neighborhood to receive even a greater number, and there was none of the jar and crush, the suffering for water and the general discomfort attendant upon large gatherings. Every road leading to the grand old grove of lofty oaks was arched with evergreens and the capes of each arch in conspicuous letters the one word "welcome." Accompanied by our better half we reached the grounds early, but already the various schools, with banners flying, were formed in procession ready to march to the stand. The Jacksonville Brass band headed the procession, and above four hundred Sunday school scholars and teachers were in the procession, and these were no sooner seated around the stand than there burst forth a peal of melody from a thousand throats, and the words rang again with the words of that grand old hymn,

"CONGREGATION."

The scene was peculiarly impressive, and innumerable indeed must have been that who could have listened without a motion. The programme was then read by Mr. N. J. Tunlin, of Georgia, Master of Ceremonies, an impressive prayer was delivered by Rev. Mr. Jones, of Cedar-town, a song by the Rabbit town school followed, and then came the welcome address by Rev. W. P. Howell. It was most gracefully delivered, felicitously expressed and altogether the most finished of the day, though very brief. The programme was then carried out and as published, with some changes made necessary by the absence of some of the schools in a body and one of the speakers, Rev. H. A. Williams. His place was filled by Prof. Ferguson, of Edwardsville. The Professor's speech, though impromptu, was sensible, practical, at times eloquent. We cannot attempt in our limited space to follow the programme through. Suffice it to say it was a triumph of songs well executed from the various schools, music by the band and twenty minute speeches. The Sunday schools that participated in a body were, Rabbit Town, Howell's Chapel, Bethel, Muscadine and the Georgia schools, and the speakers were Rev. W. P. Howell, Prof. Ferguson, Rev. Mr. Ammons, Rev. J. Jones, Mr. Dudley Williams and Mr. N. J. Tunlin, who, though not billed for a speech, managed to say a great many good things all along through the exercises of the day.

THE SPOKES.

were not altogether confined to the subject of Sunday schools, but were interesting, varied, and reflected credit upon each and every speaker. Each took up

any line of thought that suggested itself and treated it as he saw fit. Mr. Jones made the

SECULAR PRESS

the almost exclusive text of his remarks and poured some pretty hot shot into the newspapers for the alleged tendency of the same toward infidelity, and counselled a free subscription to religious newspapers to counteract their influence. Addressing a Sunday school assembly, we thought that the speaker could have told his hearers that it was from the secular press of England that the Sunday school first received the encouragement and impetus that has carried it to its present elevation. Although at intervals after the formation of the first Christian churches the custom prevailed of assembling the children and youth of Christian parents on the first day of the week for instruction, down to the time of Martin Luther who organized Sunday schools in Germany not so much for religious instruction as to learn the youth to read and write, the Sunday school proper was not instituted until the time of Robert Raikes, a newspaperman. In 1733 he first published in his own newspaper, the "Gloucester Journal," the result of his efforts in organizing schools. Other newspapers took up the theme, and in three years 250,000 children were receiving Sunday school instruction in Great Britain. In 1780 Bishop Asbury, of Virginia established the first Sunday school in the United States on the Raleigh plan. From that day to this the good work has extended and improved in character until we have the Sunday school of to-day, with its vast membership, its newspapers, and its distinct libraries. In 1861 the distinct work written for Sunday school libraries numbered in the United States 4,500, and the membership in this country exceeded three million. It must be vastly greater now, and the secular press was the divinely appointed agent to bring about this grand result, and to day the secular press is foremost in blazing the way to every enterprise or work that looks to the amelioration of man's condition or his moral elevation. Like all other human institutions it is fallible and errs, but it is as near on a line of right as human institutions ever attain. If more newspapers, both secular and religious, were carried to the hearthstones of the people, far more would be wiser and better for it. But in this digression in defense of the press, we had almost forgotten

THE DINNER.

This was spread beneath the shade of the oaks by the hospitable people who had brought baskets of provisions, and every soul on the ground was freely invited to partake. It was a most bounteous repast, elegantly prepared. After dinner the programme was resumed and continued until the song "Sweet Bye and Bye," as rendered by all the schools and congregation, proclaimed the exercises of the day at an end. The band played lively airs, and amid music, laughter and kind good-byes the people dispersed to their homes; and thus ended the most pleasant day to us that we have spent in a year.

Returning we came down Terapion valley, and stopped over a night and the greater part of next day at that most hospitable inn in the world—the country about Bethel church and Ladiga. After listening to a capital sermon from Rev. C. F. Allday, we dined with a friend near Ladiga, and Sunday evening reached home, where we were warmly received. We were repaid for the trouble of a three days trip among the mountains and valleys of Cleburne and Calhoun.

It will be observed from the official report of the election that Mr. Serews was scratched in this county to the extent of 279 votes. We mention the fact simply to say that this result was entirely due to his controversy with Judge Walker just before the State Convention. Judge Walker is an old and very highly respected citizen of this county, and many men thought Mr. Serews to blame in first attacking him. (Judge Walker's) letter on taxation in the manner that he did, and subsequently too severe in the controversy that followed. While on the subject we will also state that the scratching of Mr. Serews' name was in no way the result of his triumph over Capt. Crook in the convention. Capt. Crook did all he could for him and induced many men to forego their expressed determination to scratch the ticket; and this action on his part doubtless saved to Mr. Serews many votes that he would otherwise have lost.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Grant thinks Stonewall Jackson might have failed to sustain this great reputation later in the war, when the North had developed General's capable of rapid movement. It would be hardly fair in judging a man's life work to take a part of extending beyond his life, speculating upon what he did not do in that, or upon what he might not have done. The curtain fell upon Stonewall Jackson's completed tragedy in 1862. It was complete. His genius was displayed in his clear insight into the situation of affairs, in which he never made a mistake and in his wonderful power of combination, in which he never allowed his subordinates to make mistakes. His tactical arrangements were equal to his strategic movements, and on the field his genius was exhibited in the same clear perception and calm planning, irresistible execution and iron resolution. Gen. Grant thinks Sheridan or Sherman would have been a watch for him. Sheridan's ability is unquestioned, but his success was won as a cavalry leader, and that too when the Confederate cavalry was worn out to more a skeleton, efficient and well bred, but badly mounted, and few in numbers. The Federal cavalry had been trained, recruited to a large force, superbly mounted. Sheridan won his fame when the Federal cavalry was at its best and the Confederate was at its worst. The ability of a great commander. His dash to the sea unopposed, was a more brilliant piece of successful warfare, exhibiting none of the qualities which made Jackson at once a Cromwell and a Napoleon. —Nashville American.

Things still look like war with Mexico.

The Election and The Elected.

Retains of Monday's election in the state come in slowly. There was no opposition to the state ticket, and therefore no great interest felt in many of the canines. RUFUS W. COBB is elected governor, WM. W. SCREWS secretary of state, ISAAC H. VINCENT treasurer, WILLIS BARNES auditor, LEWIS F. TOWNSHIP attorney general, and LEWIS B. BOX superintendent of education; all Conservative nominees. The vote cast for this ticket will probably not exceed 55,000 or 70,000, or about two thirds of the strength of the party in the state. Capt. Cobb is the 4th man elected for a first term as governor without opposition; the others being Mr. MURPHY of Monroe in 1825, Judge COLLIER of Tuscaloosa in 1849, and Judge BLOOM of Perry in 1857; though Col. WINSTON of Sumter had no organized opposition at his first election, while Gov. MURPHY, Gov. GAYLE of Monroe, Gov. BAUGH of Monroe, and Gov. FITZPATRICK of Alabama had no avowed opposition for a 2d term.

There was a warm contest in several counties for seats in the legislature. There were avowed Radical candidates only in Conecuh, Dallas, Lowndes, Wilcox, Montgomery, and perhaps one or two other counties. That party backed the Independents and National (Green-backed) wherever they ran, and have succeeded in electing several. The probability is that the legislature will be composed as follows:

| Conservatives. | Opposition. |
|----------------|-------------|
| Senate.....30 | 17 |
| House.....33 | 17 |
| | 113 |
| | 20 |

The three classes as Opposition in the senate are Messrs. J. D. BARNARD of Wilcox, W. D. McJUNKIN of Lowndes and John A. Steele of Colbert, if the latter has beaten Gen. Ratner. Of these, Mr. BARNARD and Mr. McJUNKIN claim to be Democrats, and the latter will probably serve as such. Mr. Steele is a Radical, and will probably carry the charge of Radicalism; this leaving no avowed member of that party in the senate. In the house one member from Conecuh, one from Winston, two from Lowndes, one from Wilcox, one from Montgomery, one from Randolph, one from the avowed Radicals in the house, though it is not certain that any of these have been elected. Amongst the Democrats, Chilton, Calhoun, Colbert, Henry, Dale, and Pike (one or two of the latter have been elected Independents, which would be nine in number; while Walker has probably elected a national or Green-backed. It is a cause of congratulation that Dallas, Montgomery and Perry will be represented by true and good men for the first time in 10 years, and perhaps Green and Wilcox have also chosen men of the same stripe through the indifference of the Radicals.

Of the representatives elect, nearly all are new men, and it will not be a strong body either in talents or experience. Clifton of Montgomery, Little, Smith and Clarke of Mobile, Willet of Pickens, Wolf of Morgan, Otis and Fletcher of Madison, W. Walker of Wilcox, Jones of Tuscaloosa, Harris of Etowah, Huey of Perry, Foster of Macon, Rip Davis of Limestone, Taylor of Lauderdale, Foster of Barbour, Walker of Hale, Williams of Elmore, Bullock of Wilcox, and one or two others who have been elected, are the better known or more experienced men elected, and will be its controlling spirit. It is much to be regretted that the late Mr. Walker, who was the short session of 50 days in two years will have to be taken up by most of the members in acquiring the experience and knowledge they should go forth with; and it is the fault of the people in sending Mr. Walker out to the Legislature in the place of securing their best talent. In the senate, 15 members held over, and we have the benefit of their experience. Most of these that hold over are men of ability, and will be a valuable asset to the body. Mr. Walker, of Wilcox, of Ballou, of Hale, and Cunningham of Etowah, are again elected. Of the new members Troy of Montgomery, Clayton of Green, and Roquemore of Barbour are most valuable additions, as would be Mr. Fisher of Colbert, who is not beaten as we suspect. Certainly the senate will compare favorably with many that we have had, and will doubtless contribute much to the dispatch of business, which is new and to the Legislature. These are the men to whom we have just contrasted the destinies of our state for the next two years. —Nashville American.

GEN. WM. H. FORNEY.

This distinguished and popular gentleman will no doubt be re-nominated without opposition to represent this District in Congress by the Convention which meets here to-day. This is a well deserved honor, and one that will be gratefully accepted by all able and honest Representatives. His services have been valuable not only to the State at large and to the nation, but to the people of this county, and to the people of the State. He has been elected by the people, and he has served them well. He has been elected by the people, and he has served them well. He has been elected by the people, and he has served them well.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

IN SENATE.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE.

FOR THE YEAR 1877.

ALBANY, N. Y., 1878.

PRINTED BY J. B. RICHARDSON.

FOR SALE BY THE COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE.

IN THE CITY OF ALBANY, N. Y.

ON THE 15TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1878.

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Tribute of Respect.

At the Convention of the Y. M. C. Association of Calhoun county, at Ladiga, the undersigned were appointed a committee to report on the death of Frank Maddox deceased. The committee subsequently reported the following which was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That while we mourn his loss we will endeavor to emulate his virtues and bow low submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved relatives and friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed the county papers with the request to publish.

Respectfully submitted,

S. M. AYERS, Secy.

G. B. RUSSELL, Com.

A. B. GOODPASTER, Com.

The Newspaper Business.

Here is how a brother journalist puts it: "A newspaper man is a person who thinks that newspaper men are persistent dogs; let a farmer place himself in a similar business position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose he raised one thousand bushels of wheat, and sold it at a price which would net him only two dollars or less, and the neighbor says, 'I will land you the amount in a few days.' As the farmer did not get paid, he would not be able to pay the neighbor, and the man leaves with the wheat. Another comes in the same way until the whole of the one thousand bushels of wheat are trusted out to one who will not pay for it. The farmer is left with a large amount of wheat, and the neighbor says, 'I will land you the amount in a few days.' As the farmer did not get paid, he would not be able to pay the neighbor, and the man leaves with the wheat. Another comes in the same way until the whole of the one thousand bushels of wheat are trusted out to one who will not pay for it. 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Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2158.

THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

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For State Offices.....10 00

For Congressional Districts.....15 00

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THE VOYAGERS.

No longer spread the sail.
No longer strain the oar;
For never yet has blown the gale
Will bring us nearer shore.

The swaying keel slides on;
The helm obeys the hand;
Fast we have sailed from dawn to dawn,
Yet never reached the land.

Each morn we see its peaks
Made beautiful with snow,
Each eve its vale and winding creeks
That sleep in mist below.

At noon we mark the gleam
Of temple tall and fair;
At midnight watch its bonfires stream
In the auroral air.

And still the keel is swift;
And still the wind is free;
And still as far the mountains lift
Beyond the enchanted sea.

Yet vain is all return,
Though false the goal before;
The gale is ever dead ahead,
The current sets to shore.

O, shipmates! leave the ropes;
And what, though no one steers,
We sail no faster for our hopes,
No slower for our fears.

How'er the bark is blown,
Lie down and sleep awhile;
What profits toil when chance alone
Can bring us to the isle?

The Engineers Story.

Yes, sir, I do believe in ghosts. Why? Well, sir, because I saw one once. Tell you about it? Well, sir, I will, if you'll set down an' listen. 'Taint very much to tell, but it was a good deal to see, you can just bet your life, an' I never go by the place where I see it without feelin' kind o' scary.

Lem me see. 'Twas in '60. I was just beginnin' my work on this road that year. I'd been on a road out West, but a friend got me the position here that I've kept ever since.

It was a rainy, disagreeable day when the affair I'm goin' to tell you about happened. Jest one o' them days that makes a feller feel blue in spite of himself, an' he can't tell why, neither, 'less he lays it all to the weather.

I don't know what made me feel so, but it seemed as if there was danger ahead ever after I left Wood's Station. An' what made it seem so curious was that the feelin' of danger come on me all to once. It was jest about 4 o'clock, as near as I can tell. Anyway jest about the time when the down express must have got safely by the place where what I'm goin' to tell you about happened, I was a-standin' with one hand on a lever, a-lookin' ahead through the drizzlin' rain, feelin' chill an' kinder downhearted, as I've said, though I didn't know why, when, all of a sudden, the idea come to me that some-thing was wrong somewhere. It took hold o' me an' I couldn't git rid of it, nohow. I knew that all was right about the engine. But that feelin' that there was danger ahead never let up once after it got into my head. Queer, wasn't it? But 'twas so. I couldn't account for it after I'd found out there was danger, jest as I'd felt, an' I haint never been able to account for it since.

It got dark quite early, on account o' the fog an' the rain; it was dark as pitch afore we left Holbrook, which was the last station we passed afore we come to the place where I see the ghost.

"I never felt so queer in my life afore," said Jimmy, the fireman, to me all of a sudden.

As I was feelin' queer myself, he kinder startled me, a sayin' what he did. "Why! What d'y mean?" said I without lettin' on that I felt uneasy myself.

"Do' know," answered Jimmy; "can't tell how I do feel, on'y as if suthin' was goin' to happen."

That was just it! I felt the same thing, an' I told him so, an' we talked about it, 'til we both got real fidgety.

There's a purty sharp curve about twenty miles from Holbrook. The road makes a turn 'round a mountain, an' the river runs below ye, about forty foot or socher matter. It's a pokerish look in place when you happen to be goin' over it an' think what 'ud be if the train should pitch over the bluff inter the river.

Wall, we got to the foot o' the mountain just where the curve begins. The light from the head-lamp lit up the track and made it bright as day, about as far as from me to the fence yonder, ahead o' the engine. Outside o' that spot all was dark, as you ever see it, I'll bet.

All to once I see suthin' right ahead, in the bright light. We allers run slow 'round this curve, so I could see distinct. My hair riz right up, I tell ye, fer what I see was a man a-standin' right in the middle o' the track, a-wavin' his hands; an' I grabbed hold o' the lever an' whistled down brakes, an' stopped the train as fast as ever I could, fer ye see I thought 'twas a live man. An' Jimmy he see it too, an' turned 'round to me with an awful scart face, fer he thought sure he'd be run over.

But I began to see 'twan't any flesh-and-blood man afore the train come to a stop, fer it seemed to glide right along over the track, keepin' just about sc'fer ahead of us all the time.

"My God! it's a ghost," cried Jimmy a grabbin' me by the arm. "You can see right through him."

An' we could!

Yes, sir, we could. When I come to notice it, the feller ahead of us was a kind o' foggy-lookin' thing, and only half hid anything that was behind it.

But it was just as much like a man as you be, an' you'd a said the same thing if you'd a seen it.

The train stopped.

"An' then, sir, what d'ye think happened?"

"Well, sir, that thing just grew thinner an' thinner, 'til it seemed to blend right in with the fog that was all around it, and the fust we knew 'twas gone!"

"It was a ghost!" said Jimmy, in a whisper. "I knew somethin' was a goin' to happen, 'cause I felt so queer like."

They come a crowdin' up to find why I'd stopped the train, an' I swear I never felt so kind o' queer an' foolish as I did when I told 'em what I'd seen 'cause I knew they didn't believe in ghosts, most likely, an' they'd think I was drunk or crazy.

"He see it, too," sez I, a pointin' to Jimmy.

"Yes, 'fore God, I did," sez Jimmy, as solemn as if he was a witness on the stand.

"This is a pretty how-d'y-do," sez the conductor, who didn't believe 'ud seen anything. "I'm surprised at you, Connell; I thought you was a man o' sense."

"I thought so, too," sez I, "but I can't help what I see. If I was a dyin' this minnit I'd swear I see a man on the track, or lawsewie the ghost was one. I thought 'twas a real man when I whistled."

"An' so would I," sez Jimmy.

The conductor couldn't help seein' that we was in earnest, an' b'lieved what we said.

"Take a lantern an' go along the track," sez he, to some o' the men.

An' they did.

An' what d'ye s'pose they found?

Well, sir, they found the rails all tore up jest at the spot where the train would have a shot over the bluff into the river if it had a gone on!

"Yes, sir; they found that, an' I tell you there was some pretty solemn-lookin' faces when it got among the passengers how near we'd been to death."

"I never b'lieved in ghosts," sez the conductor, "but I b'lieved you see somethin', Connell, an' you've saved a precious lot o' lives. That's a sure thing."

Well, sir, they went to huntin' 'round an' they found a lot o' tools an' things that the men who'd tore up the rails had left in a hurry, when they found the train wasn't goin' over the bluff as they'd expected. An' they found, too, when it come light, the body o' the man whose business it was to see to the curve, where it had been hid away afore he'd been murdered. An' that man was the man whose ghost we had seen.

Yes, sir. He'd come to warn us o' the danger ahead afore the men had killed him, an' was a waitin' for us to go over the rocks to destruction. An' he'd saved us.

I found out afterward that there was a lot o' money on board, an' I s'pose the men who tore up the track knew it.

So that's my ghost story, an' it's a true one, sir.

Quick Conversion.

A hard old customer was Badger. He was never known to attend church, and was considered the wickedest man in the small town in which he lived. One night his old cow was prowling about the house seeking what she might devour, and stuck her head in the will barrel. At the time the barrel was so far in that she made a blind rush to free herself from the incumbrance. As luck would have it, she struck a beam line for the house, and directly for the front door.

The old man was sitting inside telling his family about a great murder trial when the cow gave a frightful bellow, which was prolonged by the empty barrel into a roar. At the same time the front door crashed from its hinges, and the cow, with her uncommon head gear, bolted into the room. "Old Wickedness" gave one agonized look at the frightful demon which confronted him; each separate and individual hair stood on end; a shivering feeling crawled up and down his back; his eyes protruded from his head; altogether he was a picture of object terror. Suddenly his tongue loosened and he screamed: "For heaven's sake take Mary! She's better prepared than I am!"

Since that eventful man has joined an easy going church, which is one step progressive, and he only swears now when he sees old Brindle or the will barrel. "The old cow 'tretched him."

The Mechanic.

The Mechanic is a machine which illustrates the manner in which all persons are taught to ride horses for the circus, and also how children are made to perform difficult feats on horseback. The Mechanic consists of a large upright pole in the centre of the ring, near the top of which projects a pole at right angles like the gall of a ship's sail; at the end of this is a block, through which passes a rope, and the rope is fastened to a broad band around the waist of the person forced or intending to learn to ride. A horse with padded back is then brought forward and the learner hoisted upon it so that his feet just touch the horse's back. The animal then starts. The machine revolves, keeping the learner up with the horse. The amusing part is when the rider falls off and remains suspended, gasping, kicking, and vainly striving to regain his position while revolving around after the horse.

The Cuisine in Sweden.

The habit of lunching in the very presence of dinner, of going to a side table and eating your fill of anchovies, raw herrings, smoked beef and cold eel pie, while dinner is on the very table, still prevails, and is hardly conducive to health. It is said that the habit of taking a "sup," as the Swedes call it, arose from the scarcity of delicacies. It was hard to get enough of any one nice thing to make a meal of, so you were first delicately innuendored off to the brandy table, as it is called, and then allowed to sit down to dinner. The practice is universal in Sweden. Private houses, hotels, and boarding houses all feed you on preliminary scraps, and woe be to you if you innocently turn away from the proffered luncheon!

You fare like an ascetic, and feed yourself on horrors. The ordinary routine of dining in Sweden seems to be in wild confusion. Soup sometimes ends instead of beginning the dinner. Iced soups and cold fish are dainties to the Scandinavian palate. Much of the soup nauseously sweet, flavored with cherries, raspberries and gooseberries, often with macaroon cakes and spikes of cinnamon floating wildly about in it. This is often a sort of dessert, and is cold and often beautifully clear. If Heine bitterly reviled the English for bringing vegetables on the table *au naturel* there is no such complaint to be made here. Heaven, earth and hell are eaten with sauce—sauces red, white and blue, green, yellow and black—sauces celestial and sauces infernal. Strange combinations of ice cream heaped over delicious apple tarts, or strange dishes of berry juice boiled down and mixed with farina, sugar and almonds, then cooled, moulded and turned out into basins of cream, to be eaten with crushed sugar and wine, appear at the end of dinner. The Swedes share with the Danes and Arabs a passionate fondness for sweetmeats. Everything is slightly sweet; even green peas are sugared, as well as the innumerable tea and coffee cakes, so that long before the unhappy tourist has finished his tour he is a hopeless dyspeptic or a raging Swedophile.

How to Act in Case of Fire.

Better than all elaborate and costly apparatus for extinguishing fires are constant care and watchfulness, and quick and intelligent action on the part of those who first discover a fire in progress. The fire which at its beginning could be smothered with a pocket handkerchief, or dashed out with a bucket of water, neglected a few hours, lays in waste millions of dollars' worth of property. If there is any time in which a person should be cool and calm, in perfect command of himself, it is when he discovers a fire that threatens the destruction of life and property. The first thing to do is to learn precisely where it is; the second, to consider the chances of extinguishing it. Of course in cities an alarm should at once be sent out, but at the same time a vigorous effort should be made to put out the fire with the means at hand; for sometimes what the fire-engine is unable to accomplish when it reaches the scene, can be done by one or two persons who act promptly before the flames have had time to gain headway.

First, then, do not be alarmed on account of smoke. Frequently there is a great deal of smoke before the fire has made much progress. Remember that one can pass through smoke by keeping his head near the door, or by enveloping it in a wet woolen cloth. On entering a room to fight down a fire singlehanded, keep the door closed behind, if possible. A pair of water and a tin dipper, in the hands of a resolute person, can be made to work a miracle at the beginning. If the fire has progressed too far to admit of this course, and it is necessary to depend entirely on outside help, then see to it that every door and window is closed. By so doing, where there is a fire-engine in the neighborhood, it will often be possible to confine the fire to one room. Every person who stops at a hotel should take special pains before retiring to note the location of the stairways, so that in case of an alarm he can find his way out, even though the halls are filled with smoke. Never leave a room where there is an alarm of fire without first securing a wet towel, or, if possible, a wet sponge or piece of woolen cloth through which to breathe. If escape by the stairs is cut off, seek an outside window, and stay there till help comes. Above all things be cool and have your wits about you. When a lady's dress takes fire, let her fall on the floor at once, and call for help, in the meantime reaching for some rag or woolen cloth with which to smother the flames. There is nothing new in this advice. It has been repeated in one form or another hundreds of times, but it will bear repeating thousands of times.

How Halibut are Caught.

Each fisherman baits his hooks with a "tinker" split lengthwise into two or three strips. Then they throw in, reeling off four or five fathoms of line, according to the depth, until the hook and bait lie on the bottom, and a considerable quantity of loose line besides. This prevents a too sudden strain, which, from a fish of great bulk and violent manner of biting, would be destructive to the strongest tackle.

Presently the halibut sees the bait. He seizes it in his big mouth, hook and all, with a furious grab, and—as one old fisherman expressed it—"runs like a horse." His gait, in fact, is not so unlike the gallop of a horse, being a sort of plunging, see-sawing race, and he keeps so near the bottom that he might almost be said to canter along on it.

When the halibut starts off with the hook, the fisherman gives his whole attention to the line, taking good care that it does not become entangled in paying out.

As soon as the fish stops, the man begins to haul in. When the fish darts away again, he must let it go and pay out as before, for it would be worse than useless to try to hold on.

This proceeding is continued for a time, perhaps till the fish has made seven or eight runs and stops, and the fisherman as many trial hauls.

Then the game shows signs of exhaustion, and is drawn slowly up without resistance. Contrary to what one would suppose, the smaller halibut make more trouble than the large ones. Apparently from their very size, the latter are sooner wearied out.

As it is drawn near the surface, the fish—if a large one—weighs so heavily on the line that the man in charge of it calls for help, and one or two pairs of stout hands take hold to pull with him. A gleam of white appears in the water. Higher and higher it rises, and the halibut's ugly face and eyes emerge into the upper air; its great mouth wide open, and the fatal hook fastened deep down in its throat.

Instantly one of the men seizes a gaff and strikes its armed end into the creature's head; its open mouth indicates that it is past struggling, and "drowned," as its captors say; and a smart blow across the snout with a club, like a policeman's billy, dismisses the last remains of life. Then a grand tug altogether on gaff and line, and the unwieldy prize lies securely in the boat.

A party of two or three men will frequently take several halibut at a strip, some weighing perhaps no more than fifty or sixty pounds. A three or four hundred pound fish is a good day's work for them.

Coast fisherman require no very elaborate or costly preparation for their trade, for they usually dispose of their "catch" at once. Covering their fish with canvas to keep off the sun, they are able to bring them in fresh and sweet to the wharves, where dealers, knowing their usual time of return, are waiting to purchase. But when crews or large companies engage in the business (as those who supply the great markets of New York and Boston, and the distance is very far from the fishing ground to the place of delivery, larger vessels of course, are used, and quantities of ice must be taken on board in which to pack the fish. The mode of operation and process of capture are, however, substantially the same.

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Feminine Peculiarities and Nicknames of Cities.

A very general impression is that the quietest, most refined, and lady-like girls of the Union are to be found in Philadelphia—the Quaker City.

The smartest, most stylish, the best dressed, and the gayest, in New York—Gotham.

The most self-sufficient and intellectual, in Boston—Modern Athens.

The sweetest and prettiest, in Baltimore—Monumental City.

The most prudish, old maidish, and craziest on army officers, in Cincinnati—the Queen City.

The most Frenchy, the most languishing, the longest hair, and the most striking dresses, in New Orleans—the Crescent City.

The most diplomatic and scheming, in Washington—the City of Magnificent Distances.

The worst flirts, the most atrocious man-deceivers and heartbreakers, in Chicago—the Garden City.

The most coquettey eyes and the loveliest brunettes, in Nashville—the City of Rocks.

The dullest, in Quincy—the Model City.

The poorest and most anxious to get married, in Salem—the City of Peace.

Heraldry.

Heraldry is the science of armorial bearings and ensigns. It is the key to hereditary veins of families. Take the example presented in England America. Caesar landed in Britain 2000 years before the Christian era, and held possession of the island as a Roman province until 200 A. D. When the Roman legions were withdrawn and Saxons came, the Romans, who had become the land owners and political rulers, with the ancient Britons, were driven into

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JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2159.

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Neatly,

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A GRAND SONG.

In vain men tell us time can alter

Old loves or make old memories falter.

That with the old year the old year's life

close.

The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers.

The old sun revives the new-fledged bows.

The old summer rears the new-born roses.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her

blame and wrath and flower of honor,

Gathered long since and long since woven.

Fad-s not or falls as fall the vernal

Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal.

By summer or winter charmed or cloven.

No time casts down, no time upraises,

Such loves, such memories, and such praises,

As need no grace of sun or shower.

No saving screen from frost or thunder.

To tend and house around and under

The imperishable and peerless flower.

Oh! thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,

Cultivate men's lives and lives of nations.

Dead, but for one thing which survives—

The indelible and unperished words.

The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,

That lives in light above men's lives.

Terrible Revenge.

At day-break on the 25th of June, 1831,

everybody in Turin was still asleep.

Only Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy,

had left his couch, and was uneasily

pacing his sitting room in the ancient

palace of his dynasty. He had been

unable to find rest.

Some vague, evil foreboding of a great

imminent misfortune had haunted him

all night.

As he was walking nervously up and

down the sumptuous apartment, which

was faintly lighted up by the first rays

of the rising sun, he every now and then

uttered incoherent sentences.

"What can this mean?" he said to

himself. "What is going to happen? Is

it a presentiment of my approaching

end? I am very healthy. Barely 40.

Will my wife die? My sister?"

He was interrupted by a loud rap at

the door, which he hastened to open.

Then he started back with a cry of

terror, for into the room rushed a young

woman, dressed in a torn white wrapper.

Her bare feet were covered with mud.

She was deadly pale, and panting for

breath.

"Angelina!" exclaimed the Duke, in

dismay.

"Yes, my brother, it is I!" she replied

bursting into a fit of crying.

"Tell me what all this means," he

said, imploringly, stepping close up to

her.

She sprang to her feet, and, drawing

herself up to her full height, she slowly

blissed out:

"It means that I, the Duchess Ange-

lina, of Savoy, only sister of the reigning

Duke, have been vilely dishonored!"

As she uttered these words she pre-

sented a wretched, awe-inspiring appear-

ance.

The Duke shuddered.

"Dishonored!" he ejaculated, "By

whom?"

"Listen, my brother," she replied,

"and I will tell you all about this dread-

ful occurrence. You know that I retired

at an early hour last night. The air

was so sultry that I opened the window

of my bed chamber. For hours my sleep

was feverish and restless. At last I

became very drowsy and sank into a

quiet slumber. Suddenly I awoke. By

the dim light of my night lamp I per-

ceived to my horror that several masked

men were in the room. I wanted to

scream for help, but before I was able

to do so one of them exclaimed, "She is

awake. I will put her to sleep again."

He rushed up to me and held a strong-

scented handkerchief under my nose.

I became unconscious. In that condi-

tion I remained for hours, and three

hours ago I awoke, chilled through and

whenver the Duke of Savoy wanted to

send any one on a confidential mission

he invariably selected the Marchese.

The latter was, half an hour later, at

the palace. Charles Emmanuel commu-

nicated everything to him. In conclu-

sion the Duke said:

"Tressini, ferret out the perpetrators

of this outrage, and I shall give you the

finest estate I own."

The Marchese promised to do his best.

For two days all the efforts he made to

discover a clue as to the men that had

carried off and ravished the young

Duchess Angelina remained unsuccessful.

In the afternoon of the third day he

reappeared before the Duke, who had

just returned from the funeral of his

poor sister, which he had attended as the

only mourner.

"Any news?" asked Charles Emmanu-

el eagerly.

"I know who did it," replied the

Marchese. "Your Highness, a few

days ago I rode once more along the

Astoria road, near the point where our

lamented young Duchess, according to

what she told you, re-awoke to con-

sciousness on that terrible night. Sudden-

ly I was met by a young man gallop-

ing up the road. It was Signor Caba-

dino, one of the five young Venetians

that recently arrived in this city.

Upon catching sight of me he was

visibly frightened. Suddenly it occur-

ed to me that he might be one of the

guilty parties. So I ordered him to stop.

He accelerated the speed of his horse.

I fired my pistol at him and wounded

him in the shoulder. He fell to the

ground. Hurrying up to him I leaped

from the saddle. "Do not kill me," he

said, imploringly, "and I will confess

everything." And then he told me that

he and his four friends from Venice,

after drinking a great deal of wine, had

conceived the idea of carrying off the

Duchess Angelina, whose charms had

excited their desires. A faithless foot-

man of your Highness was bribed into

betraying to them how they might easily

gain access to the bed chamber of your

noble sister. They entered it, dragged

her, and carried her on horseback to a

deserted villa near Castle Teverini.

After perpetrating their horrible out-

rages upon the ill-fated lady there, they

left her in her night dress in the road

near the villa.

"And these scoundrels are sons of

the noblest houses of Venice!" exclam-

ed the Duke, bitterly.

"Their names are Antonio Ballerio,

Bernardino Zefarri, Francesco Varone,

Marco Odono, and Sergio Allogrotti.

Allogrotti is the one I shot."

"Where is he?" asked the Duke.

"I left him at a peasant's house near

where I caught him, your Highness."

"Set us free thither," Tressini said.

An hour later they arrived at the

peasant's house, where the young Ven-

etian was lying on a couch writhing

and groaning with pain.

"What footman of mine was bribed

by you?" demanded the Duke.

"Tommaso Aligi," replied the Ven-

etian.

The Duke drew his pistol and shot

Allogrotti through the heart. He then

ordered the peasant to bury the corpse

in some lonely spot.

Returning to Turin Charles Emmanu-

el summoned the four Venetians to his

Oxygen as a Curative Agent.

The air we breathe is made up of nitro-

gen and oxygen, two distinct elements,

in the proportion of four parts of nitro-

gen to one of oxygen. In respiration

the nitrogen is thrown out of the lungs,

but the oxygen is absorbed into the

blood, where it forms a chemical union

with the carbonaceous matter which it

finds there, and the result is the produc-

tion of carbonic acid gas, which is ex-

haled with the breath.

Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen

as a distinct element and the life-giving

principle of the atmosphere, called it

"vital air," as it was known by this

name for many years. Its chief action

in the body is to purify and revitalize

the blood, and the process by which

this is done is as follows: One half of

the heart is always engaged in the work

of pumping the blood which has been

collected from all parts of the body,

into the lungs. Here this blood, dark

and impure from being loaded with a

kind of charcoal or carbon, the worn out

tissues of the body, comes so near to

the air inhaled that nothing lies between

the blood and the air but a most filmy

membrane, so attenuated that the oxy-

gen is instantly absorbed through it

into the blood. Here it immediately

forms a chemical union with the car-

bon which it finds in the blood, thus

generating carbonic acid gas; and this

gas passes as readily through the same

membrane to be exhaled with the breath

as the oxygen did in the opposite direc-

tion. The blood is thus relieved of its

impurities, and is left of a bright crim-

son color. In this state it is returned

to the other half of the heart, to be again

sent on its life and health-diffusing

round. Again it is returned to the

lungs loaded with more impurities,

thus ever completing the circle of life.

Now, it can readily be seen that if

from any cause we get an insufficient

supply of oxygen, the blood cannot be

fully relieved of its impurities, and

will be sent to the arteries in an un-

healthy condition. On its return to the

lungs, charged with a new supply of

carbon, it does not find enough oxygen

there to dissolve it entirely out and so

returns to the heart with a slight in-

crease in the measure of its impurity,

and again makes its round through the

body. Unless something be done to in-

crease the supply of oxygen to the lungs, it

SATURDAY, AUG. 31st, 1878.

FOR CONGRESS—7th DISTRICT.
W. H. FORNEY.

We surrender our editorial space this week to other matter.

UNITED STATES SENATOR.
Things Getting Lively.**Editor Advertiser:** The Legislature will, at its next session elect a successor to Spencer, and the State of Alabama will again, after a lapse of many years, be represented fully in the Senate of the United States.

Who shall it be, and how should the members proceed to secure a representative for the silver-tongued Morgan? Gov. Houston is put forward prominently by his friends, and they assume that the regeneration of the State, and the very power to choose a Senator for Alabama is due to the patriotic effort of our Governor.

They claim the place for him on the score of gratitude for services to the party and the State.

With this idea they cannot another. They say, and he himself asserts it, that he made a great sacrifice of his inclinations in undertaking to serve the people as Governor, and also a great pecuniary sacrifice. The conclusion is that he should now be allowed to retire to the place of United States Senator, the object of his life-long ambition.

Let us examine the pretensions of Governor Houston, and see how far they are well founded. His admirers, who in their zeal in his service claim for him the credit of the regeneration of the State, and the resurrection of the Democratic party of Alabama, do so at the expense of the truth of history and to the prejudice of many noble sons of Alabama, who are quite as efficient, quite as patriotic, and quite as disinterested as Governor Houston.

I am entirely willing to accord him the credit of having labored for the regeneration of the State, and of having been first a candidate for Governor, but those who imagine that the spring-tide of patriotism which flooded the whole United States with Democratic victory, and converted a man named Pickens, and a House of Representatives of the United States into a majority of 70, was set in motion by the genius of Houston, are vastly mistaken. They forget, also, the labors and talents of other sons of Alabama, who aroused the patriotism of the people to activity by their energy and their eloquence.

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But when the infirmities of age oppress a Senator, he draws his robes around him, seeks the quiet of his chamber, and draws his salary and enjoys the honors of his office for the balance of his term.

As to the idea of compensation for pecuniary loss, suffered by reason of his leaving home to serve the people as Governor, those who have observed that he has never really resided at the seat of Government, contemplated by the constitution; that he lived as though a clerk in the auditor's office, and not as Governor of a great State, and in such a style as to save at least half his salary, and to maintain the dignity of the office, besides spending enough time at home to attend to his law practice, and the management of his large estates, understand pretty well that such a claim is a mere "false pretense."

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Editor Advertiser: I have read the communication published in your Sunday issue headed "United States Senator," and signed "Alabama," and have been highly amused, for I think I can see the earmarks of one who himself should now be allowed to retire to the place of United States Senator, the object of his life-long ambition. It is not altogether devoid of that mental droop, called ambition, which keeps continually swelling and increasing until it becomes a great burden. In the long list named by him of the "labor and talents of other sons of Alabama," I observe the name of the noble Clinton left out. He it was "who stood in the front rank," as we had no organization when he commenced for victory; the noble Clinton was now living that the people might express their approbation of his unselfish labors, by conferring this high honor upon him; but alas! he has been called to sleep in the arms of the coffin. Then there is another whose name does not appear among the noble band; Col. M. D. Graham. Why leave him out for during his official term as chairman of the State committee, and his many and varied labors in the House of Representatives for the cause of Democracy?

Now, I am one who believe that the pretensions of Gov. Houston are well founded, and his claims "quite as efficient, quite as patriotic, and quite as disinterested as Governor Houston." I would suggest that he favor the friends of the Bald Eagle with one more letter, the content in the spirit of the versatile genius of Baker. The united efforts of these men, and of Sanford, and Oates, and Barnes, and Watts, and Clop-ton, and Ligon, and Herndon, and Houston, and Langdon, and Caldwell, and Horst, and Stone, and Pickett, and Jones, and Williams, and O'Neill, and Boyd of Marshall, and a host of others equally worthy, aroused our yeomanry from the mountains to the gulf. All these men were true to the call for the Bald Eagle of the Mountains.

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As to the idea of compensation for pecuniary loss, suffered by reason of his leaving home to serve the people as Governor, those who have observed that he has never really resided at the seat of Government, contemplated by the constitution; that he lived as though a clerk in the auditor's office, and not as Governor of a great State, and in such a style as to save at least half his salary, and to maintain the dignity of the office, besides spending enough time at home to attend to his law practice, and the management of his large estates, understand pretty well that such a claim is a mere "false pretense."

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REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

For information in regard to any of the lands mentioned below, parties can apply to the undersigned either by letter or in person. Letters of either buyers or sellers promptly and cheerfully answered. Parties wishing to purchase or sell land, or to lease, or to mortgage, or to otherwise dispose of their lands, will be shown any lands advertised at the expense of the undersigned. Those having lands to sell are invited to communicate with him, when consultation for selling, or for writing advertisement, etc., will be given.

L. W. GRANT,
Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.**\$1200.** Three hundred acres on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$400.** EIGHTY acres of fine wood land, on main road, two thousand acres of wood can be cut from it. Growth mostly live oak. Land very good. It is a bargain at \$400.**\$2 000.** TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, situated in a FARM, on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$1700.** THIS undersigned offers for sale a large tract of land, in a FARM, on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$1500.** ONE HUNDRED & FIFTY acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$4000.** SIX HUNDRED ACRES of fine river bottom land, on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$3 100.** ONE HUNDRED & FIFTY acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$1 300.** THREE HUNDRED & FIFTY acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. 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REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

For information in regard to any of the lands mentioned below, parties can apply to the undersigned either by letter or in person. Letters of either buyers or sellers promptly and cheerfully answered. Parties wishing to purchase or sell land, or to lease, or to mortgage, or to otherwise dispose of their lands, will be shown any lands advertised at the expense of the undersigned. Those having lands to sell are invited to communicate with him, when consultation for selling, or for writing advertisement, etc., will be given.

L. W. GRANT,
Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.**\$1200.** Three hundred acres on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$400.** EIGHTY acres of fine wood land, on main road, two thousand acres of wood can be cut from it. Growth mostly live oak. Land very good. It is a bargain at \$400.**\$2 000.** TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, situated in a FARM, on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$1700.** THIS undersigned offers for sale a large tract of land, in a FARM, on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$1500.** ONE HUNDRED & FIFTY acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$4000.** SIX HUNDRED ACRES of fine river bottom land, on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$3 100.** ONE HUNDRED & FIFTY acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$1 300.** THREE HUNDRED & FIFTY acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$2 000.** THIRTY-TWO acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$2 000.** THIRTY-TWO acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$2 000.** THIRTY-TWO acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$2 000.** THIRTY-TWO acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office, known as Fullersville place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well wooded. Three good springs on the place. School house and Church on the premises. Terms—Half cash, balance in one and two years. Title perfect. A bargain.**\$2 000.** THIRTY-TWO acres of land near or on the road to Greenville, eleven miles from Jacksonville, one mile from the Hill Post Office

Representative Business Houses
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